

JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

Suffrage and
The Liberty
Loan Campaign

DEAR SUSAN:

The suffrage question loomed large on the horizon last week and seemed to be the only immediate issue big enough to challenge the interest and attention of a society which was devoted to the Liberty loan campaign launched with a blaze of glory.

Fortunately, however, politics really is adjourned when it comes to driving the Liberty loan, War Savings Stamps, the Red Cross, etc.—now the great national sport; for a row like that which has marked the attempt to pass the suffrage amendment would have made the Liberty loan campaign decidedly gray.

A good many people went up to the Capitol on Thursday and again on Friday and Saturday to be on hand if the amendment actually did come to a vote; and came away with rather the idea that both sides were stalling. The pros didn't want a vote until late Saturday, when Senator La Follette was due back from the coast; and after Saturday morning the anti side didn't want a vote until Monday, for some of their number were off on week-end speaking trips in behalf of the Liberty loan. And neither side seemed to be quite sure what would happen if the amendment did come to a vote, and everybody was calling everybody else names—and finally it became evident that there'd be no actual roll call on the measure until Monday if Senator Martin of Virginia, leader of the opposition, had to keep up a personally conducted filibuster all day Saturday and Sunday.

So it stands now; and I beg leave to call attention to the fact that the ladies, who are accused of being unable to work together without squabbling, were only indirectly connected with the row; and that all the personalities and bitterness were injected into the debate by the dignified gentlemen of the United States Senate.

I looked at the galleries for Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who is always sure to be on hand when anything important in connection with the passage of the Susan B. Anthony amendment is to be decided, but she wasn't present. Mrs. Reid seems to have developed an unhealthy sixth sense which warns her of false alarms and doesn't waste her time and energy unnecessarily, so if she shows up on Monday, I'll take it as a sign that the amendment is really going through.

Here's a piece of news, which will interest you, I'm sure. Congressman and Mrs. William Gordon, of Cleveland, Ohio, are today announcing the engagement of their daughter, Dorothy, U. S. A., stationed at Camp Meade. Miss Gordon is rather more of a Washingtonian than many of the girls in official life, as she was very young when her father came to Congress and was educated here—at the Cathedral School. She is but a sliver of a girl now, and had Dan Cupid not meddled in her affairs would probably have gone back to school for another year. As it is she will be a bride instead of a bud in this first season "out."

Mr. Thompson, who is a Washington man, is widely known for his lively voice. He has taken prominent part in amateur theatricals here, particularly in the artistic productions put on under Mrs. Christian D. Hemmick's direction. Owing to the uncertainty of his orders, no definite plans have been made for the wedding.

Washington is slowly but surely coming to be recognized as a musical center; and the influx of people of wealth, influence and musical tastes



MISS ELEANOR WHEELER
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Yandes Wheeler, who is one of the buds of the coming season. Her presentation will probably be informal owing to wartime conditions.

from other cities has made it incumbent upon the powers that be in the producing world to take the Capital movement. Otto H. Kahn, of New York, who has done so much to promote French art in this country, and who has recently been made chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his services, undertook, at the request of the French government, to make arrangements for the orchestra's tour of the United States.

I hear, by the way, that Capt. André Tardieu, high commissioner of France in the United States, is due to return to Washington—well, some time in the not too dim future, but that he is only to remain for a short time, three weeks or so. Gossip would have it that he had planned to come back earlier but stayed over in order to cross with Secretary Baker.

There are rumors, pretty authentic ones, I believe, of a grand opera season, and the list of concerts and recitals already arranged is an imposing one, not to mention the engagements that are still tentative. However, none of the musical events on the horizon are more significant than the visit of the French Symphony Orchestra, which is to give a concert at Poll's Theater on Wednesday afternoon, October 16. The visit of the orchestra, known officially as the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, one of the most famous organizations of its kind in the world, to this country is part of the extensive co-operation between the French high commission and the United States Government for the increase and advancement of the artistic cordials between the two republics.

Musically, we are promised great things from the orchestra, which is in the United States under the auspices of the French government, and society the concert will be a gala event, as the organization comes to Washington under the wing of the French high commission. You remember the very brilliant Washington debut of Jacques Copeaux' "Théâtre du Vieux Colombier"—well, this is to be the same sort of event only

of musical instead of dramatic interest. They are both part of the same movement. Otto H. Kahn, of New York, who has done so much to promote French art in this country, and who has recently been made chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his services, undertook, at the request of the French government, to make arrangements for the orchestra's tour of the United States.

I know I wrote at considerable length about the commanding of hours last week, but I've a number of new instances to report this time, in addition to such gossip about potentialities which will, I'm sure, be of interest to you. For example the blue sign, with its fateful lettering

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Another current rumor was that the Government had taken over Mr. and Mrs. Edward Beale McLean's I street house; but on running this down it developed that what had really been taken was the little house in H street next door to the Shoreham, which Mr. McLean and his father, the late John R. McLean, before him, used for an office. Moreover Mr. McLean has offered the use of Friendship, his beautiful country place, to the authorities after he and his family come to town; and it is probable that it will be accepted, for the place is



MRS. FREDERIC R. HARRIS.
And her small daughter, Florence. It will be many seasons before little Miss Harris will be a bud.

"To be used by the United States Government—No trespassing" now appears in the windows of the Stillson Hutchins house on Scott Circle, a house which boasts one of the most noted art galleries in Washington. The late Mr. Hutchins' collection of pictures was famous all over the country and the room which used to house them is a gem, a beautifully proportioned paneled room, with a graceful gallery.

The Government has taken the old home of the late Paymaster General James H. Wirtmough, U. S. N., in I street, near the Farragut, as the property of his daughter, Mrs. Samuel H. Griffith, and also, I understand, the house opposite, at 1415 old red brick house on the southwest corner of Seventeenth and I streets which has been vacant for so many years. The house has an interesting social history. It was the home of the late Senator Kane, who used to entertain there brilliantly, and afterward was occupied by some people named Pollock, who were lost when La Bourgoynne foundered off the coast of France. Since then, the house has lain idle most of the time. It belongs, I understand, to Senator Frank Brandegee, who has for a long time been threatening to pull it down and put up an apartment house.

Then, I was told today that the late Mrs. James McMillan's house in Vermont avenue, empty since her death last spring, had been taken, also Rear Admiral and Mrs. Edward Gheen's residence, 1619 New Hampshire avenue; Mrs. B. H. Warder's great house at Sixteenth and K streets, and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wendell's house in Connecticut avenue. The Wendells were planning to spend the winter away from Washington, and had rented the house for a good round sum. I'm told, so naturally they're not pleased at having it taken away from them.

For several years, Mrs. Warder has lived in an apartment in Sixteenth street, but she has repeatedly refused to rent her old home, I've been told, and it has been empty for some time except for a few weeks last winter when her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ellis occupied it. It was there, too, you may remember, that Mrs. Warder gave a coming-out party for her grand daughter, Louise Thoron, daughter of Mr. Harry Leonard.

Commander Homes of Notables. As for rumors, the air is thick with them, perhaps the most interesting being the rumor that the magnificent Edson Bradley house in Dupont Circle and the equally handsome home of the Capt. and Mrs. Perry Belmont in New Hampshire avenue had been taken. Up to the moment of writing the powers that be at the House Committee have refused to either affirm or deny this story. Out of curiosity I made a personally conducted tour of inspection of the Bradley house and could find no sign of the Uncle Sam's blue placard, but it's a very little label and a very big house, so that doesn't prove anything.

I don't for the life of me see, however, what use such houses as the Bradley's and the Belmont's can be for the Government. They are both veritable museums, and about as well fitted for the housing of war workers as the Capitol or the Lincoln Memorial. However, presumably Uncle Sam knows what he is doing, and if he does have recourse of such measures—well, "c'est la guerre."

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MISS DOROTHY GORDON.
Daughter of Congressman and Mrs. William Gordon, who will be a bride instead of a bud in her first season out of school. She is to marry Sergeant Louis B. Thompson, U. S. A.

sanctuary, it is in his or her own home. One's own household gods have a personal character and an interest of association which no stranger can be expected to appreciate; and to the careful housekeeper and real home maker the very idea of being overrun with strangers is depressing. I'm heartily in favor of the Government's taking over any house that isn't in use or about to be used within a reasonable time. But, it's a different story entirely when it comes to being held up at the point of a pistol and having lodgers thrust upon one. Indeed, I'm inclined to sympathize with the small child, who, after her mother had taken a group of war workers into her home, turned her small nose sky high and announced that nobody need talk to her about "wars and roomers" if wars, she'd had enough of them.

The amount of ingenuity which some people have displayed in the matter of finding comfortable quarters is surprising. New York is filled with stable-studies and many a fisherman's shack does duty as an artist's workshop at seashore places, but it's a new thing for Washington to have its shanties put in order and occupied by "regular folks." However, two tumble-down frame structures in Sixteenth street, between K and L, have recently been thrown together, cleaned and fumigated from garret to cellar, treated to fresh paper and paint within and without, and made into a most attractive home. Fresh cream curtains hang in the windows, a gleaming brass knock-knocker adorns the front door, and the trim little Christmas trees which flank the entrance give a decided air of festivity to the little house and enable it to hold up its head with the best of its imposing neighbors.

Any House Is a Home Now. Similarly, a group of girls employed in one of the departments, who tried boarding and thought it dismal, tried to get an apartment and failed and were at their wits' end to know what to do, have taken a little shack in H street near the Powhatan Hotel and opposite Mrs. Paul Bartlett's house, but it in order and installed their belongings. It's primitive, of course, for their heating apparatus is sketchy and they use only candles and oil lamps for light, but they are delighted with their venture.

I'm told they give the most delightful little dinner parties, each guest being invited to bring his or her own plate, glass and silver, and that invitations are in great demand.

Deal Rate of Mistaken and Maid. Even those who have houses of their own and are being allowed to occupy them unmolested have troubles of their own, the servant problem being almost as acute as the housing problem. One woman, whose house is one of the largest and handsomest in Washington, told me that she was living in two rooms and getting along with one servant in addition to her personal maid, and that she didn't know when she'd be ready to open the rest of her house, as she couldn't get servants enough to keep it clean.

Another prominent woman had an amusing tale of woe to tell of her struggle to get her big house ready for new tenants with the assistance of one maid, and wound up with the following yarn: She was moved to hang the curtains herself, rather than wait indefinitely to have them hung, and spent several mornings enveloped in a big bungalow apron and perched atop a step ladder. One day she was interrupted by a ringing at the front door bell and, as her household of one didn't materialize, she went to the door herself, apron and all, to find the laundry man leaning against the lintel and to be greeted by "speed up a bit, cutie. What do you think you are, the night watchman?"

I venture to submit that "re's something new under the sun—the tale of a yeowoman in the navy, not

Fashions, Fads,
And Fancies of
Smart Society

a "fapper" but a woman of dignified presence not in her first youth, who went into a hotel in Baltimore with some friends, ordered a cocktail and was refused by the waiter on the plea that HE COULDN'T SERVE LIQUOR TO PERSONS IN UNIFORM! Don't you love it?

Russian Revolutionists
Give Us Facts.

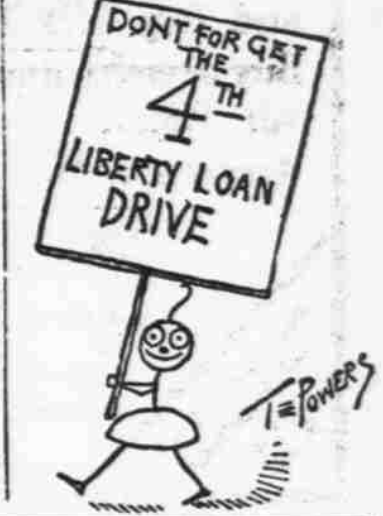
Official folk, and some unofficial, I guess, have been learning some things about Russian conditions of late, at first hand. Two of the best informed Russians, and incidentally two of the sanest, have been in Washington. They are Michael Farman, representing Maxim Gorky's paper, the *Maljbxgroskshvstvatz*, or something like that—the spelling doesn't look precisely correct, but at least my method makes it easier to pronounce—and Joseph Shaplen, of the United Press. Both are natives of Russia, though Mr. Shaplen has lived mainly in this country from the age of eleven or twelve.

They ought to know Russia, for they both know the language, the people, the traditions; and both are revolutionists of the moderate sort, revolutionists are ever moderate. They agree about pretty nearly everything concerning the present situation, particularly that it doesn't make much difference whether Lenin and Trotsky are or are not have been or have not been in Germany, whatever the motive. Lenin, if I accurately summarize the intensely interesting disquisition of Mr. Shaplen, is a man of real brains and a cynical attitude toward the world, who for a quarter century has been dreaming of the time when he would be the head of revolutionary Russia. He is the king of twentieth century Jacobinism. His native element is intrigue, conspiracy, plotting, indirection. He might take all the money in the Reichsbank, and make all the pledges that could possibly be asked of him; but he would not consider that he had sold himself, or that he was under any possible obligation to execute the pledges. He is convinced through and through that the end—so long as it is his end—justifies the means—no matter who provides them.

Headache Afflicts
The Russian.

Bolshevism, I am assured from the confident statements of both these observers, is rapidly on the decline; Russia is recovering as from a low fever. It is convalescent, and when it gets a little stronger will set up a bourgeois republic and begin to act like a normal nation.

(Continued on Page 15.)



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